

# AMAZING SCIENCE FANTASY



\$1.00

No.1





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10069 LINDA LANE  
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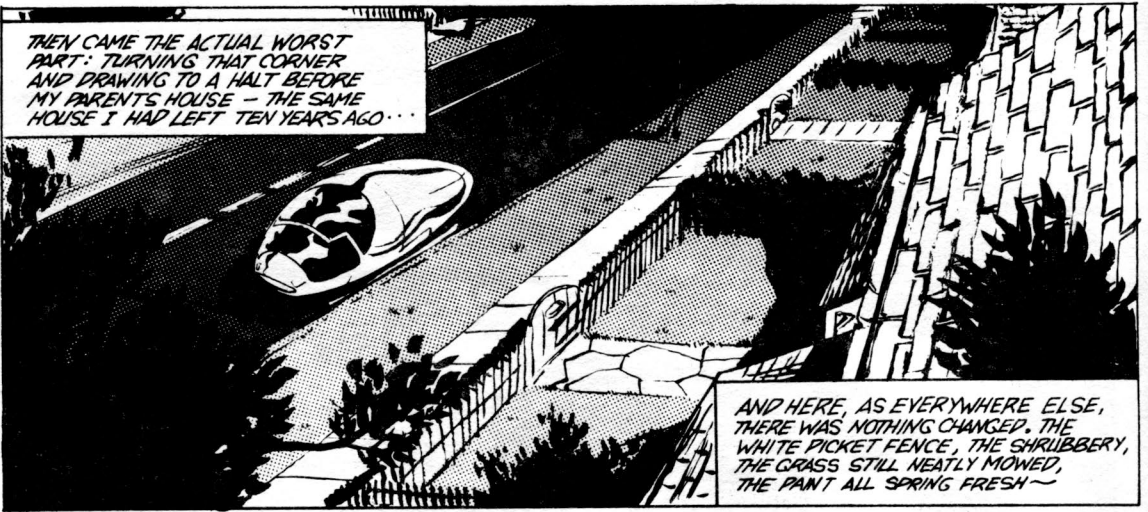
THEY TOLD ME TO EXPECT THE WORST - TO IMAGINE THE MOST HORRIBLE CARNAGE I COULD CONCEIVE OF - THEN SQUARE IT!

BUT THIS - THIS WAS SO MUCH WORSE THAN ANYTHING I COULD HAVE VISUALIZED! NOTHING HAD CHANGED! THE STREETS WERE THE SAME - THE HOUSES - THE TREES...

ALMOST I COULD IMAGINE WHEN I TURNED THE CORNER, THERE WOULD BE MOM AND DAD SITTING ON THE VERANDA, DAVID WAITING PATIENTLY NEAR BY, DEAR OLD GABRIEL BOUNDING OUT TO MEET ME - JUST A NORMAL... A NORMAL...

# HOMECOMING

THEN CAME THE ACTUAL WORST PART: TURNING THAT CORNER AND DRAWING TO A HALT BEFORE MY PARENTS' HOUSE - THE SAME HOUSE I HAD LEFT TEN YEARS AGO...



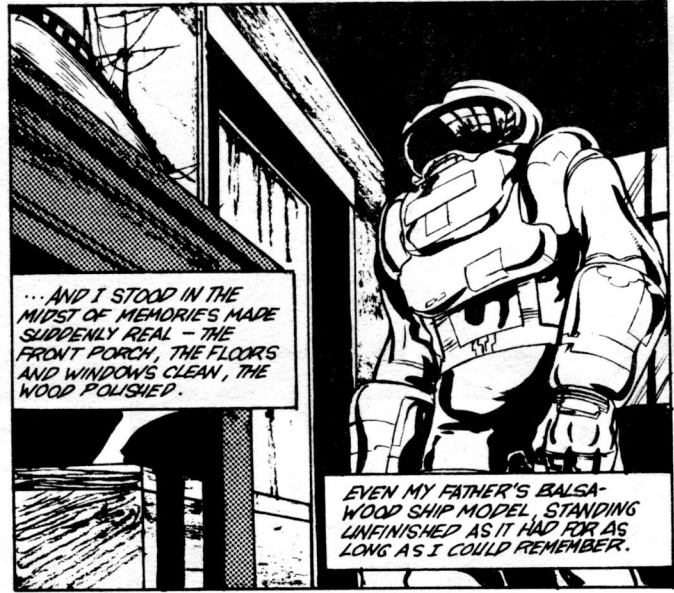
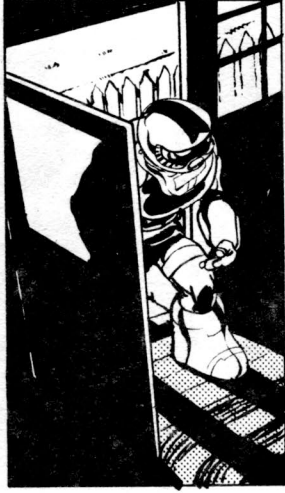
AND HERE, AS EVERYWHERE ELSE, THERE WAS NOTHING CHANGED. THE WHITE PICKET FENCE, THE SHRUBBERY, THE GRASS STILL NEATLY MOWED, THE PAINT ALL SPRING FRESH -



HOW LONG DID I STAND THERE, AFRAID TO ENTER - AFRAID TO SHATTER THE DREAM? I DO NOT KNOW.



BUT WHEN NEXT I BECAME AWARE OF MY SURROUNDINGS THE VERANPA DOOR HAD YIELDED TO MY KEY...

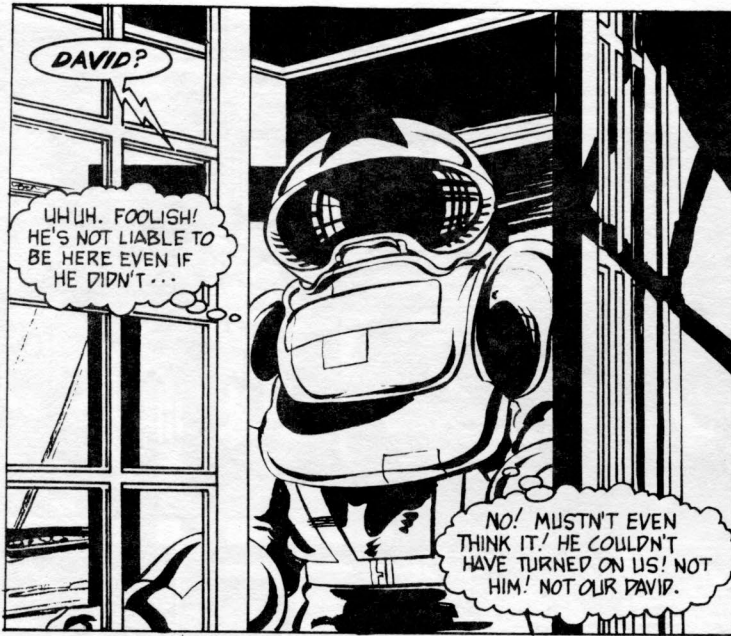


... AND I STOOD IN THE MIDST OF MEMORIES MADE SUDDENLY REAL - THE FRONT PORCH, THE FLOORS AND WINDOWS CLEAN, THE WOOD POLISHED.

EVEN MY FATHER'S BALSAMWOOD SHIP MODEL, STANDING UNFINISHED AS IT HAD FOR AS LONG AS I COULD REMEMBER.



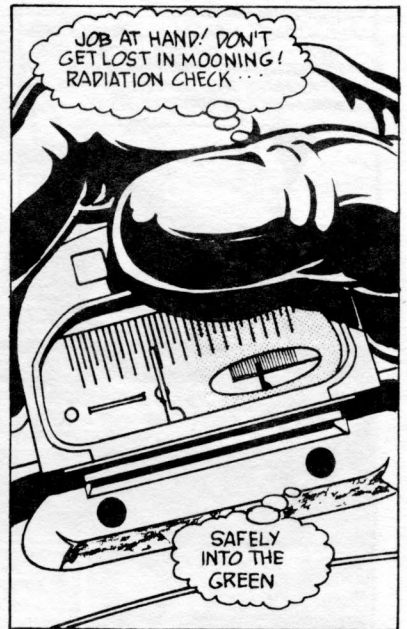
THE INNER DOOR, AS EVER, WAS UNLOCKED SWALLOWING BACK A SUDDENLY DISPLACED HEART, I ENTERED...



DAVID?

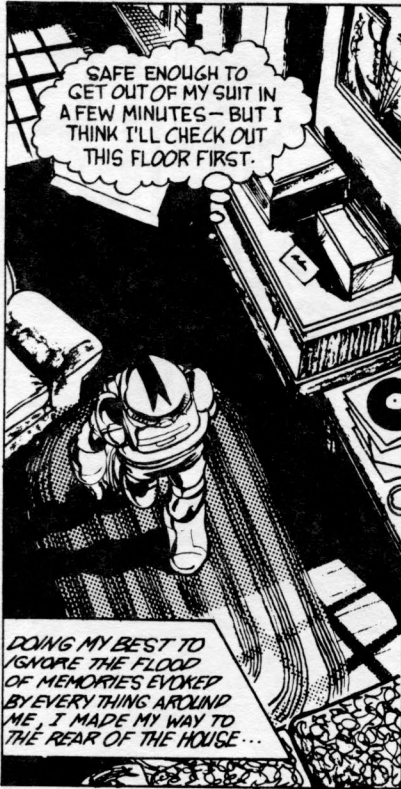
UHH. FOOLISH!  
HE'S NOT LIABLE TO  
BE HERE EVEN IF  
HE DIDN'T...

NO! MUSTN'T EVEN  
THINK IT! HE COULDN'T  
HAVE TURNED ON US! NOT  
HIM! NOT OUR DAVID.



JOB AT HAND! DON'T  
GET LOST IN MOONING!  
RADIATION CHECK...

SAFELY  
INTO THE  
GREEN



SAFE ENOUGH TO  
GET OUT OF MY SUIT IN  
A FEW MINUTES - BUT I  
THINK I'LL CHECK OUT  
THIS FLOOR FIRST.

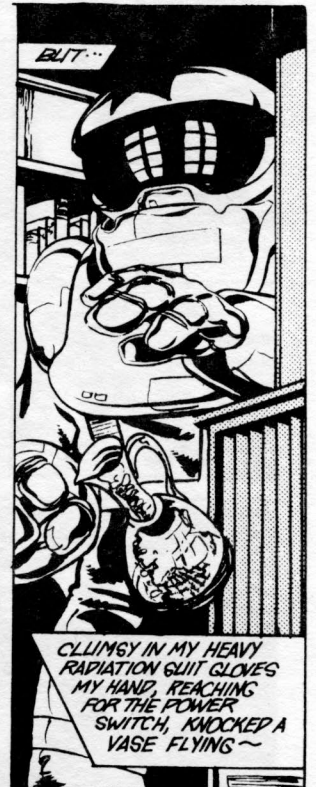
DOING MY BEST TO  
IGNORE THE FLOOD  
OF MEMORIES EVOKED  
BY EVERYTHING AROUND  
ME. I MADE MY WAY TO  
THE REAR OF THE HOUSE...



... WHERE I FOUND A  
PLACE HAD BEEN SET  
FOR ME AT THE  
KITCHEN TABLE...

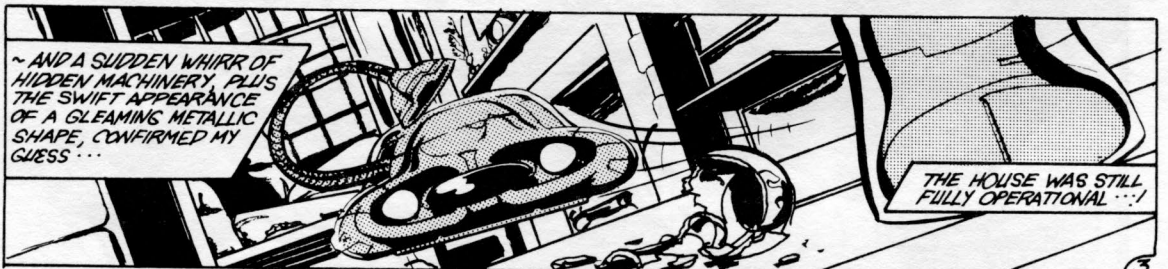
WHAT...?

DON'T TELL ME  
THE SERVO-BOTS ARE  
STILL ACTIVE...?



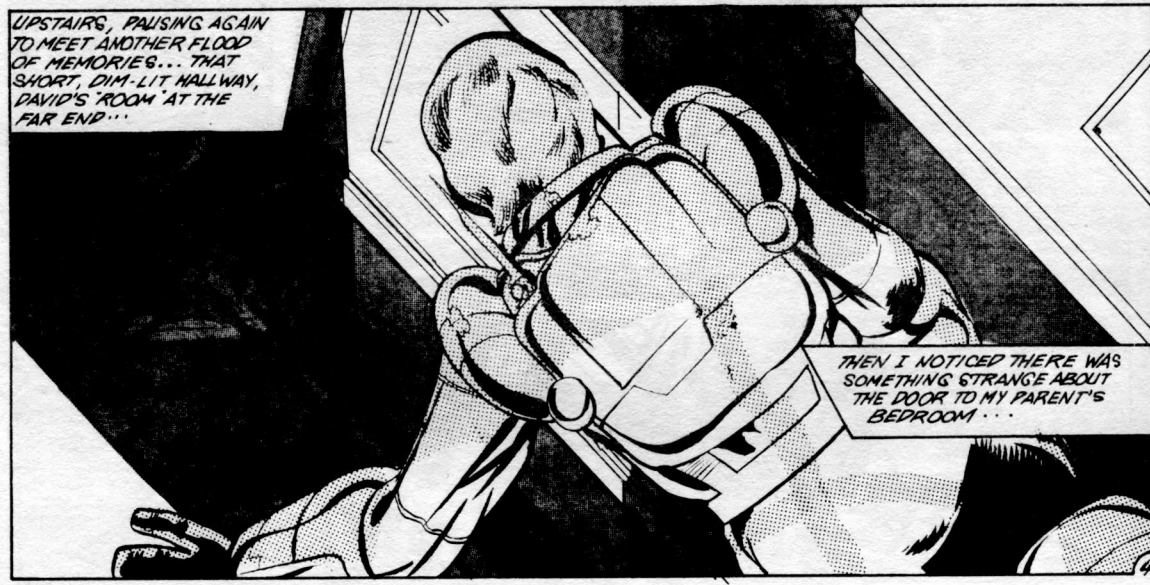
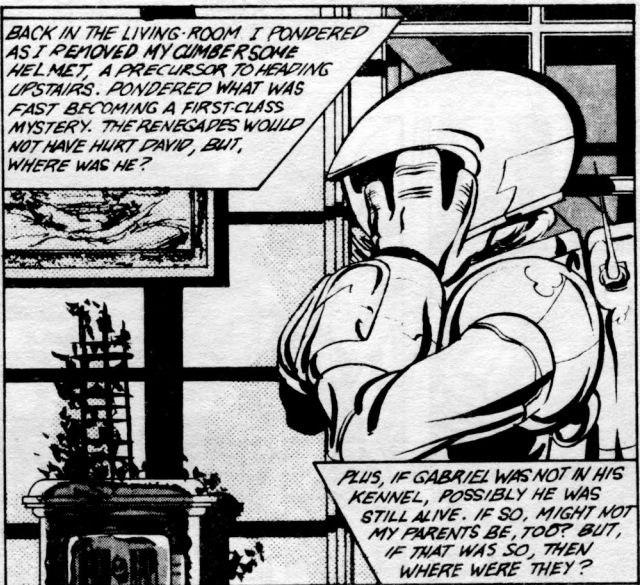
BUT...

CLIMBING IN MY HEAVY  
RADIATION GLOVE GLOVES  
MY HAND, REACHING  
FOR THE POWER  
SWITCH, KNOCKED A  
VASE FLYING~



~ AND A SUDDEN WHIRR OF  
HIDDEN MACHINERY, PLUS  
THE SWIFT APPEARANCE  
OF A GLEAMING METALLIC  
SHAPE, CONFIRMED MY  
GUESS...

THE HOUSE WAS STILL  
FULLY OPERATIONAL...!

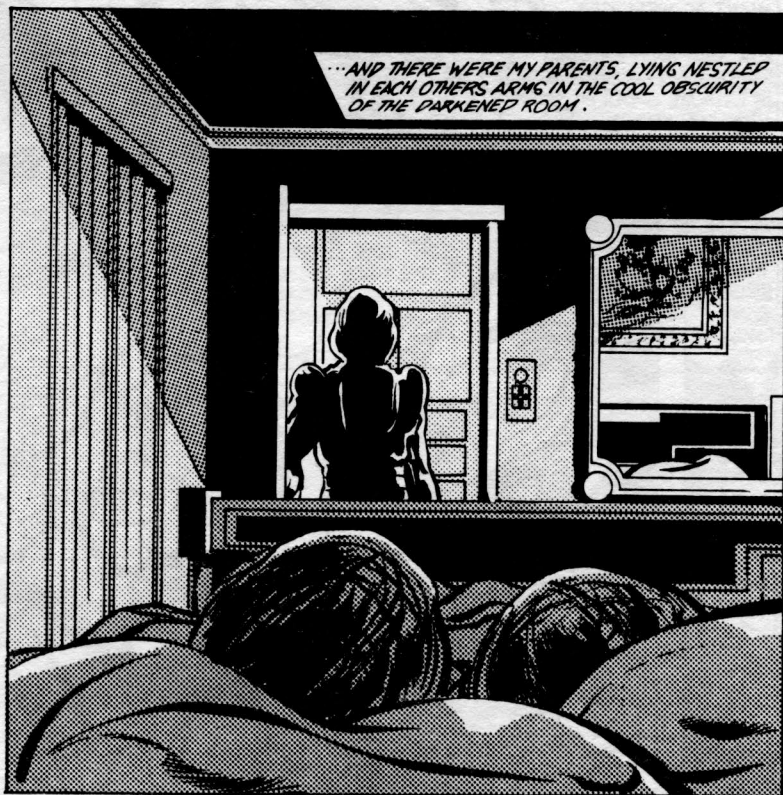




*TAPE! HEAVY SURGICAL TAPE ALL AROUND THE SEAMS OF THE DOOR, EFFECTIVELY SEALING THE ROOM! NOT ONLY THAT, BUT DEEP, CLEARLY CANINE SCRATCHES, PAINTED OVER, OF COURSE, BY THE FASTIDIOUS 'BOTS, BUT STILL DISCERNABLE...*



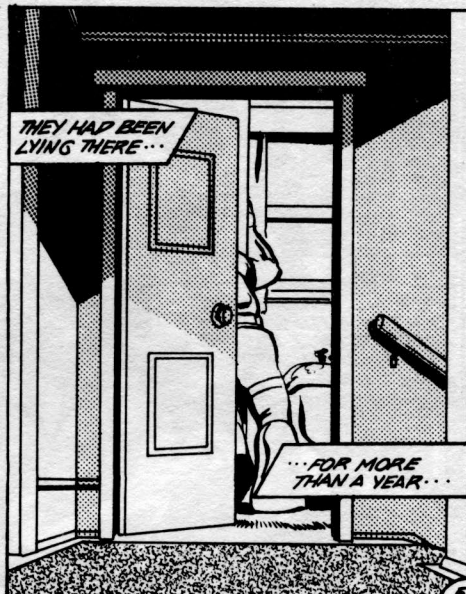
*HALF IN FEAR OF WHAT I MIGHT FIND I SET ABOUT CAREFULLY PEELING AWAY THE TAPE...*



*...AND THERE WERE MY PARENTS, LYING NESTLED IN EACH OTHERS ARMS IN THE COOL OBSCURITY OF THE DARKENED ROOM.*

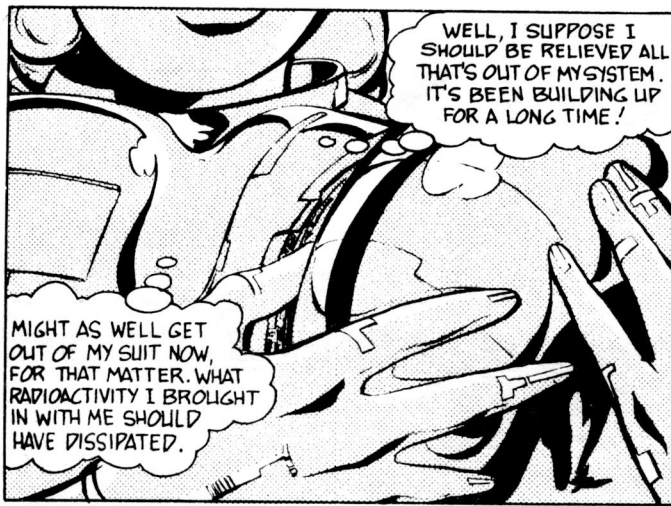


*I MANAGED ALMOST FORTY SECONDS BEFORE THE FETOR OF THAT ROOM OVERCAME ME.*



*THEY HAD BEEN LYING THERE...*

*...FOR MORE THAN A YEAR...*



WELL, I SUPPOSE I SHOULD BE RELIEVED ALL THAT'S OUT OF MY SYSTEM. IT'S BEEN BUILDING UP FOR A LONG TIME!

MIGHT AS WELL GET OUT OF MY SUIT NOW, FOR THAT MATTER. WHAT RADIOACTIVITY I BROUGHT IN WITH ME SHOULD HAVE DISSIPATED.



AND THERE'S NO REASON TO ASSUME ANYTHING ELSE IS DANGEROUS, HERE.

I'LL FINISH CHECKING THE HOUSE, THEN...

WELL ~ CROSS THAT BRIDGE SOON ENOUGH!

AND SO...

WHAT HAD BEEN MY ROOM - NOW JUST AS I HAD LEFT IT...



MY MIRROR...

NOT THE FIRST TIME IN ALL THESE YEARS THAT I HAD GAZED AT MY REFLECTION, CERTAINLY! YET, IN THOSE FAMILIAR, REMEMBERED SURROUNDINGS, HOW STRANGELY ALIEN MY OWN FEATURES SEEMED!

AN EIGHTEEN YEAR OLD GIRL HAD LAST GLANCED INTO THAT GLASS; YOUNG AND NAIVE, AND NOW, BEYOND THE SUPERFICIALITY OF THE ADDED YEARS, BEYOND THE OBVIOUS MATURITY, A... A LONELINESS I HAD NEVER NOTICED, A... LONGING...

I HAD NEVER THOUGHT OF MYSELF AS BEAUTIFUL. TOO MUCH A TOMBOY IN THOSE DAYS, AND NOW, WITH MY - WELL - RATHER FUNCTIONAL HAIR DO TO EMPHASIZE WHAT I HAD ALWAYS CONSIDERED AN OVER-LARGE NOSE.....



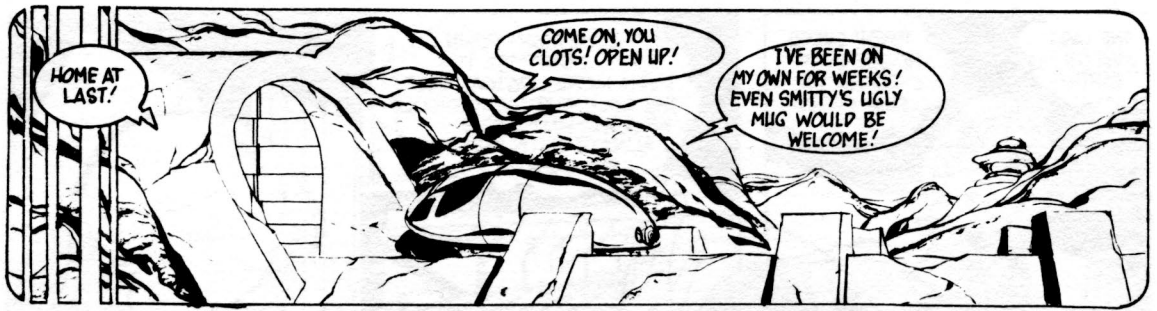
ODD, HOW THOSE THOUGHTS RETURNED THEM, WHEN SUCH THINGS HAD BEEN FOREIGN FOR SO LONG...

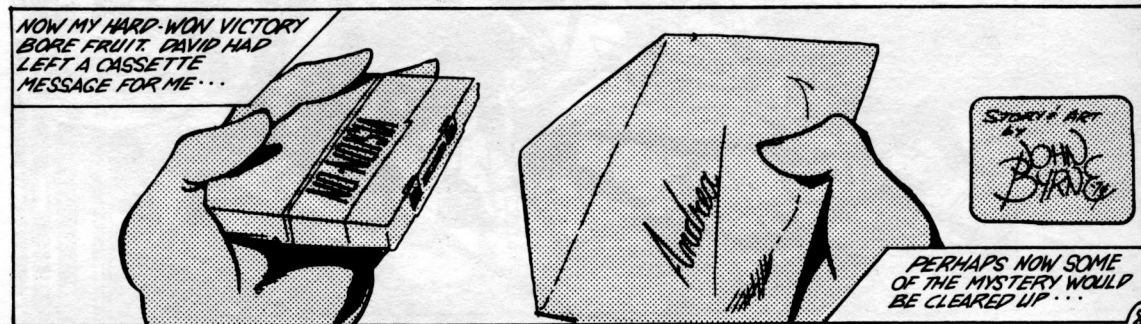
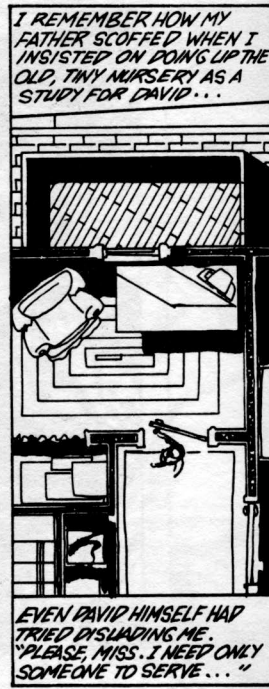
AFTER ALL, HOW COULD SUCH TRIVIALITIES MATTER? FROM NOW ON, I WAS THE MOST BEAUTIFUL GIRL IN THE WORLD...



AND I WEPT THEN, LONG AND PAINFULLY AS THE FULL IMPACT OF THAT SANK HOME AT LAST!





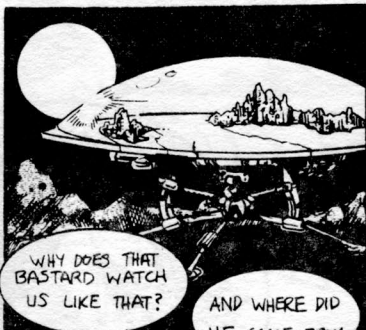


# STAR ANGEL



FRANK  
CIROCCO  
1973

"I MUST HURRY. ONLY A FEW HOURS SEPARATES THESE POOR CREATURES FROM THEIR DEATH. NOT MUCH TIME."



WHY DOES THAT BASTARD WATCH US LIKE THAT?

AND WHERE DID HE COME FROM.



"THE MACHINES MUST WIPE OUT THE PARASITICAL SPORES THAT INFESTED THIS PLANET."



THAT FREAK'S GETTIN' ON SOME A' OUR NERVES. HE COULD BE DOIN' ANY THING UP THERE IN THAT DOME.

WHY YOU SO QUIET? IT WASN'T THAT BAD, WAS IT?

HUH? OH...NO, I WAS JUST THINKING ABOUT OUR FRIEND UP ON TH' HILL.

EVER SINCE HE LANDED THAT DOME UP THERE, OUR PEOPLE HAVE BEEN IN A STATE OF CONFUSION...



...WONDERING WHO HE IS AND WHY HE CAME. I'M GONNA TALK TO THE OTHERS

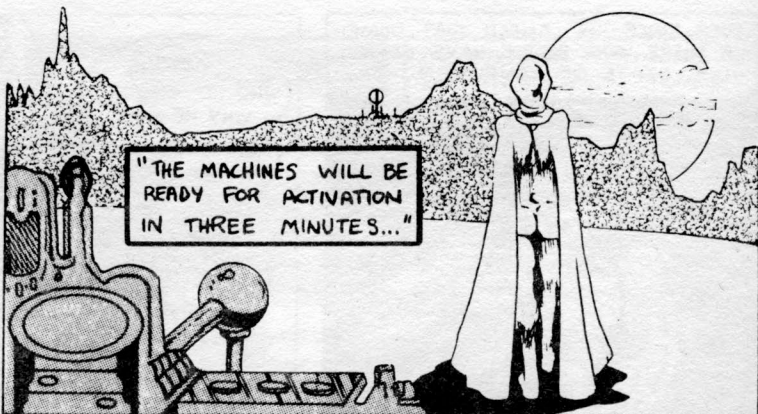


WELL WHAT ARE YOU GONNA DO ABOUT HIM?

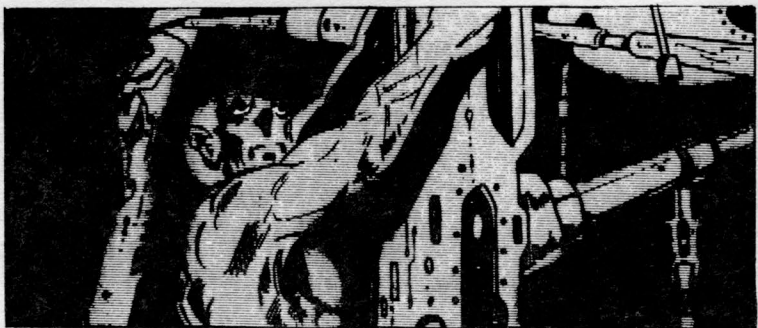
WE CANNOT HAVE OUR LIVES IN DANGER ANY LONGER - HE MUST BE DESTROYED.



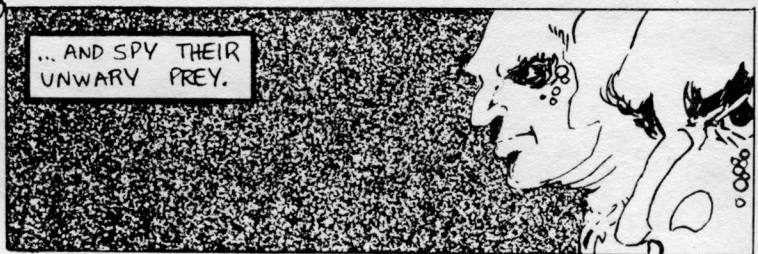
"DURING THE LAST FEW TIME-CYCLES, THE INHABITANTS HAVE BEGUN THE CONSTRUCTION OF A STRANGE MACHINE IN WHICH I HAVE NEVER SEEN THE LIKE. 4 MIN. 47 SEC."



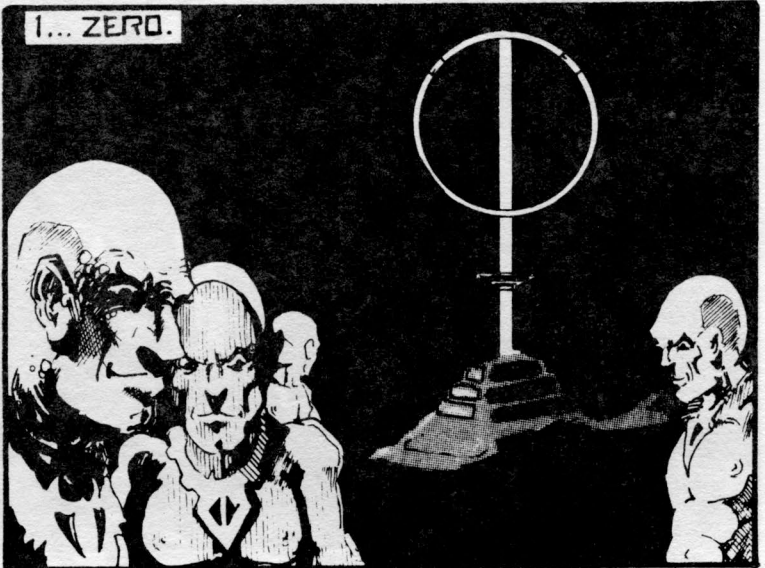
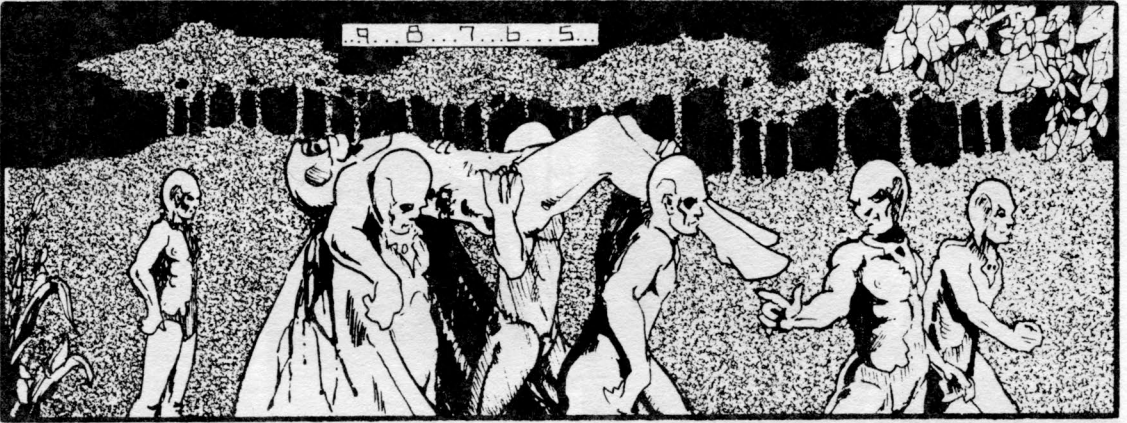
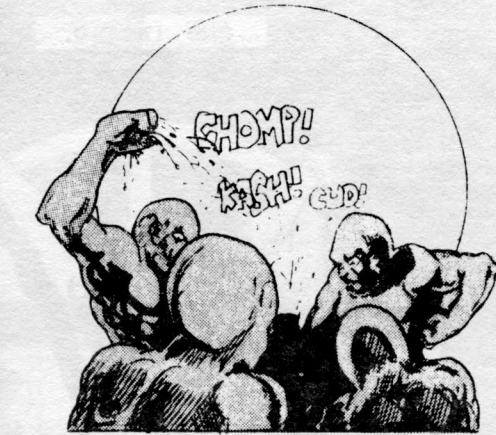
QUICKLY SCANNING THE MECHANIZED "LEGS" OF THE HUGE DOME, THE INVADERS ARRIVE INSIDE THE PROTECTIVE CURVATURE THROUGH ITS INTRICATE UNDERSIDE. 2 MIN. 6 SEC.



... AND SPY THEIR UNWARY PREY.

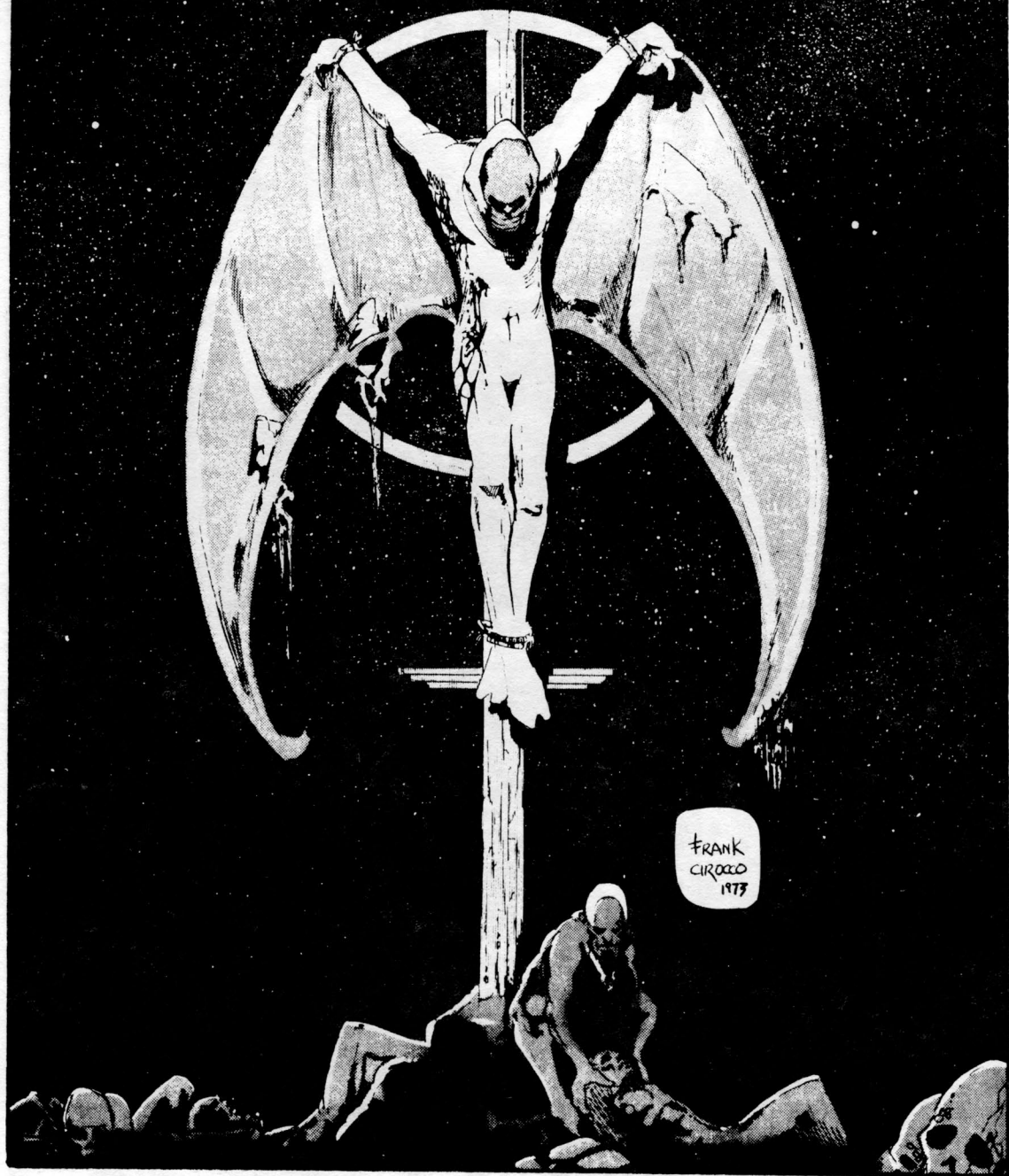


"IT'S PURPOSE IS UNKNOWN TO ME"



THE NATIVES WANTED TO GET THE STRANGER IF IT KILLED THEM...

...AND IT DID.



FRANK  
CIROCCO  
1973



# QUAR



GENE DAVIS

# PROLOGUE: The Year 2093...



THE ELEVATOR HAD WENT 109 FLOORS, STRAIGHT UP--AND THEN OPENED ON GROUND LEVEL...



DEBRIS CLUTTERED THE STREETS OUTSIDE... QUAR, FOR THE FIRST TIME...



FELT THE UTTER HOPELESSNESS OF HIS SITUATION! AND THEN HE HEARD THE VOICE...



THE VOICE WAS UNMISTAKENLY SINGING IN ENGLISH... AND ITS SPEAKER WAS UNDOUBTEDLY AS DRUNK AS A FROG ON THE FOURTH OF JULY... BUT A VOICE MEANT PEOPLE--AND PEOPLE MEANT HOPE... MAYBE...

CHAPTER 1

# QUAR

SLEAZY JOE

HULLO, YERSELF, ME BOY! GOT ANYTHING TA DRINK?

HEY! WHUT'S WRONG? YOU LOOK LIKE YUV SEEN A GHOSTY!



ART AND SCRIPT: GENE DAY

EDITOR: GEORGE BRED

ADAPTED FROM THE TEXT NOVELET



WHY, BECAUSE DUKE SATAN HAS EVERYTHING SEWED UP TIGHT, AND HE HATES NOMADIES. OLD DUKE'S A MEAN ONE... SOME SAY IT WAS HIM THAT CAUSED THE PLAGUE WHAT DESTROYED THE OLD WORLD!



NOW I KNOW YOU KNOW ABOUT THE PLAGUE AND HOW IT KILLED DAMN NEAR ALL OF THE OLD ONES -- AND GAVE WE NEW ONES OUR FORM AND THOUGHT... SO I WON'T GO INTO THAT. ANYWAY... GETTIN' BACK TO MY POINT -- DUKE SATAN IS NUMBER ONE -- AND THOSE OF US WHAT DON'T LIKE IT... CAN GET LUMPED!!

WELL I'LL BE DAMNED!

YOU AIN'T GOT NO SWORD!



I-I HAD IT STOLEN BEFORE I CAME TO THE CITY!

WHEW! THOUGHT YOU WERE SOME SORT OF WEIRDO... NO MATTER -- WE'LL GET YOU A NEW ONE WHEN WE REACH A BAR!



"I HAVE ENTERED A WORLD GONE MAD!" THE THOUGHT ROARS WITHIN QUAR'S BRAIN AS THE LIZARD-THING AT HIS SIDE ENTERS ONCE MORE, INTO A DRUNKEN SONG -- "A WORLD GONE MAD!"



**NEXT: THE BANSHEE'S TOOTH!**

# LIFE SUIT...

WHY? WHY DO I LIVE? WHY WON'T THIS **DAMNED** SUIT LET ME DIE? IT'S BEEN YEARS SINCE THE SHIP BLEW UP... HOW LONG HAVE I BEEN DRIFTING, **LIFE SUIT?**...



EXTRA VEHICULAR TOTAL ELAPSED TIME:  
FIFTEEN YEARS; FIVE DAYS APROX...

SJM

AND HOW MUCH TIME UNTIL MY OXYGEN SUPPLY RUNS OUT?



AT THE PRESENT RATE OF CONSUMPTION:  
FIVE YEARS; TWO WEEKS; FIVE DAYS ...

WHY WON'T YOU LET ME DIE, **LIFE SUIT?**



MAJOR CHANGES IN LIFE SUIT PROGRAM MUST BE APPROVED BY THE PARENT SHIP'S CAPTAIN OR NAVIGATOR



DAMN THIS SUIT! IT WON'T EVEN LET ME GO **CRAZY!** WHENEVER I HAVE A NERVOUS BREAK-DOWN, THE HELMET JUST TINKERS WITH THE APPROPRIATE AREA OF MY BRAIN AND "EMOTIONAL BALANCE" IS "RE-STORED" ...

FIVE YEARS LEFT OF OXYGEN SUPPLIES ...



... AND SO, I WAIT FIVE YEARS ...



... WAIT FOR MY TIME TO DIE.







WHERE ARE WE,  
LIFE SUIT?

WE LANDED ON AN  
OXYGEN RICH PLAN-  
ET WHILE YOU SLEPT



GOD -- IT'S BEAUTIFUL!  
WHAT A FANTASTIC  
PLACE ...!

I CAN STAY HERE FOREVER ... THIS IS  
BETTER THAN HOME EVER WAS ... THE  
ODDS ON FINDING A PLACE LIKE THIS MUST  
BE A MILLION-TO-ONE!



DAMMIT!

WHERE ARE YOU  
TAKING ME,  
**LIFE SUIT?**  
I'VE DECID-  
ED TO STAY  
**HERE...**!



RETURNING  
TO COURSE  
OF .75 C  
DIVERGENT  
FROM LAST  
LOCATION  
OF PARENT  
SHIP. RE-  
MAINING  
WOULD BE  
A MAJOR  
CHANGE IN  
PROGRAM...

THEN  
**CHANGE**  
THE DAMN  
PROGRAM!



MAJOR  
CHANGES IN  
LIFE SUIT  
PROGRAM  
MUST BE  
APPROVED BY  
PARENT SHIP'S  
CAPTAIN OR  
NAV....

OH GOD...  
FIVE MORE  
YEARS!



CORRECTION. OX-  
YGEN TANKS WERE  
REFILLED DURING  
STOPOVER. AT  
PRESENT RATE OF  
CONSUMPTION, THE  
SUPPLY IS ESTIM-  
ATED TO LAST  
THIRTY-FIVE YEARS  
TWO WEEKS...





END

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